Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. Mar. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret,
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
Obſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Qu. M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good countell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butch
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mary O princely Buckingham, I will
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blou
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer p
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayr
Q. Mille not beleeue but they aſcend the
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when h
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes o
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of Bucki
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my graciou
Q. Mar. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for
And ſoothe the diuell that I warne thee from
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorro
And ſay poore Margaret was a prophetеſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to hear
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mo
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledg
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this w
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,